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NEW THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Contents

		PAGE
Dead, But it Mustn't Lie Down	THE EDITORS	3
No Defence for Criticism	W. A. DARLINGTON	4
Young People and the Theatre	DEREK NEWTON	8
Verse in the Theatre	JOHN ARDEN	12
A Manchester Viewpoint	D. I. COLLEY	17
Repertory in Wimbledon	PETER HADDON	20
If The Theatre Were To Shut . . .	DENNIS THOROGOOD	25
Book Reviews :		28
The Rough and Ready Lot		
Jacobean Theatre		
Mid-Century Drama		

Illustrations :

"The Long and The Short and The Tall"—Manchester Library Theatre

"The Happy Haven" by John Arden at Bristol University

"The Rough and Ready Lot"—59 Theatre Company

"A View From The Bridge"—Wimbledon

Dead, But It Mustn't Lie Down

THE EDITORS

THE GOVERNMENT'S DECISION not to go ahead with the building of a Theatre on the South Bank makes the question of whether a National Theatre is something that this country really needs neither obsolete nor pointless; it becomes of vital concern to everyone working in the theatre today.

In the provinces the reaction to the Government's decision was almost unanimously hostile, despite the fact that some managements will stand to gain financially from it. But how much does this reaction mean ? Are the people who were ready enough to receive a £2,000,000 boost to the " prestige " of their profession equally prepared to hammer out a working scheme for a National Theatre, and canvass financial support for it ? If the issue is allowed to die, we shall be driven inevitably to the conclusion that within the ranks of the professional theatre there is no clear, urgent or unified demand for a National Theatre.

Two great dangers attend any established National Theatre : either that it will become a museum, dedicated to the preservation of a " classical " repertory and the fossilisation of the backbone of our national drama, or that it will become a happy hunting-ground for ambitious producers and designers, drawing attention to themselves by " gimmicking " major works out of existence. Plenty of people are aware of these pitfalls; the theatre itself must point out that these two extremes can be avoided, that a National Theatre has a necessary part to play in keeping alive, by imaginative—but not irresponsible—direction, classics that would otherwise be gathering dust on library shelves. Further arguments against the National Theatre are that the country does not possess enough acting or directing talent to justify its expense account, and that the National Theatre would soon run out of great plays to perform. If such claims are based on fallacies (and we believe they are), then the theatre must produce the counter-arguments.

Now is the time for representatives from all branches of the whole professional theatre to get together and produce a blueprint for a National Theatre, facing fairly and squarely all the objections raised against the project in the past. If the theatre cannot draft proposals that are not manifestly a projection of the personal whims and aspirations of a tiny segment of the profession—and now that the Government has washed its hands of the scheme, for the first time wide and practical discussion becomes possible— then drama is likely to remain the Cinderella of the Arts; and like most Cinderellas, will earn little sympathy outside the theatre.

Bernard Miles has shown that a theatre can be built by appealing for money to big business; Arnold Wesker's major proposal in his approach to the Trades Unions is that they should be responsible for the building of a National Theatre; if the Conservatives win control of the L.C.C. they have promised to build and maintain such a theatre on the South Bank. *If* all sides of the professional theatre can come forward unanimously with a National Theatre plan that captures the public imagination, *if* they are then prepared to canvass every possible source for funds, the 400th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth may yet be celebrated by a performance in our National Theatre.

The Government has shown it is not willing to wave its magic wand and produce the golden coach; the next move is up to Cinderella.

No Defence for Criticism

W. A. DARLINGTON

W. A. Darlington is Chief Dramatic Critic of *The Daily Telegraph.*

WHEN I was invited by the Editor to contribute this article, the thought in his mind was to give me a chance to defend my craft against the many hard things that have been said about it in previous articles by such members of the new generation of dramatists as John Arden, Arnold Wesker, Ann Jellicoe and Harold Pinter.

You may regard what follows as a defence or you may not, but I do not think of it quite in that way myself. I know by long experience that to the artist the very existence of criticism is indefensible. No matter how well I were to argue my case, the artist would brush aside my reasoning. His objection to me is not a reasoned thing; it is an emotional reaction. Against such feelings I have no defence, so what I propose to do is to state the facts of life as the critic sees them, and let the reader judge for himself what claim I have to existence.

In an odd way, I sympathise with my assailants, and not merely because I have myself written plays and know how it feels both to succeed and to fail as a dramatist, but because I quite see that it can be plausibly argued that criticism is an anti-social activity. The structure of civilised society is founded on the polite lie—upon flattery. No well-conducted woman goes into her neighbour's house and says what she really thinks about her neighbour's baby—that it is an ugly brat, and the image of its father. No. She says it is a little darling, and *so* like Tom; and civilisation goes on.

Everybody needs flattery of this kind, and nobody more deeply than the artist, who by definition is a sensitive soul and thus apt to be thin-skinned. How dreadful it is, therefore, to think that there are people who are not only allowed, but encouraged and even paid, to harass these sensitive beings with home-truths about the off-spring of their inspiration.

On the other hand, it can be argued equally plausibly that the relationship between artist and critic ought, ideally speaking, to be a very beautiful one, particularly in respect of a composite art like that of the theatre. My experience of getting plays ready for the stage is that after a week's rehearsal everybody has lost perspective and is living on hope. Will it be all right on the night? What more delightful than to be told by a respected critic that you have done what you set out to do; what more salutary than to be told where you have failed, so that you can gratefully learn your lesson and try to do better next time? However, it does not work out like that.

When I first started as chief dramatic critic of *The Daily Telegraph,* I had no theories about the job. I was given no time to form any, because events moved so

bewilderingly fast. One moment I had little idea and no real hope of becoming a dramatic critic at all, and then the next moment there I was, the accredited representative of a national daily. When I had got my breath back enough to study the job from within, I found that the newspaper critic has four duties to consider—his duty to the artist, to the public, to his editor, and to himself.

I then put the artist first on the list because I was not experienced enough to know that the artist neither likes nor wants criticism; but now that I do know, I still put the duty to the artist first, for the simple reason that if the artist did not exist, neither would the critic.

The critic's duty towards the artist is to my mind a simple and straightforward one. It is to ask himself three questions :

What is this man trying to do ?
How well is he succeeding ?
How well worth doing is it ?

If these three questions are firmly put and honestly answered, then the critic is doing justice to the artist to the best of his ability. The importance of the first question is that it implies the admission by the critic that the artist always has choice of the ground on which their encounter is to take place. The importance of the third is that it compels the critic to set up a standard for himself by which his own work can be judged.

The critic's duty to his readers comes next and for all practical purposes it is even more important than the other. The newspaper critic is not only a critic; he must be a journalist too, a man engaged by an editor to act as a guide to his readers in their choice of entertainment. This is the side of the critic's work that upsets the artist, and more particularly the avant-garde artist whose work is experimental. All the attacks on critics to which my attention was drawn when I was invited to write this article have the same basic assumption—namely, that a large number of potential playgoers are ready to come to the theatre to see contemporary plays, but are put off by the notices. I do not believe that this is true.

The real state of affairs is something like this. There is in this country a small band of people who are interested in the theatre as an art. There are not too many such people—somebody (James Agate, I think) once estimated that there must be about 50,000 of them in London, and when I was in New York I ran across a striking corroboration of this figure. *Waiting for Godot* was just about to be presented, and one of the leading New York papers calculated that the number of playgoers likely to be interested in an avant-garde production of this nature was about 40,000. These devoted playgoers are knowledgeable people, who know their own minds. They read the criticisms, certainly, but for interest rather than for guidance, and they are perfectly ready to question the verdict of any critic if they disagree with his reasons for reaching it. It is to such people that the avant-garde or experimental theatre must look for its first audiences. If it can win their support for any one of its productions, then their enthusiasm will bring in another large section of playgoers —the ones who do not particularly care about the art of the theatre but like to be in the swim and will go to anything which has become the fashion.

But outside the 50,000 and their followers lies the vast majority of playgoers, who regard the theatre not as an art but as entertainment, and who want the critic to tell them where to find what they want. Their tastes differ widely. One man will not go to plays unless they are 'clean'; another is bored if they are. This woman

loves musicals, that one hates them. Some think highly of the critic's own personal taste; others find they cannot abide the things he likes best. Yet it is his duty as a journalist to give all these people something that will help them to spend their money to the best advantage. If he does not succeed in this they can be pretty terse with him. I had a letter not long ago from a man who said that over the years he had found that when I liked a play, he would like it too, but what the devil did I mean by praising that terrible thing at the Duchess? He considered that I owed him 37/6d. ("Over the years", notice—there's gratitude for you !)

There is only one way in which this job can be done. Part of the critic's notice must be a *report* on the play. Besides his opinion of the play and his reasons for holding it, he must give an objective description of the production, as full as space will allow. From such a description every kind of playgoer has a chance of realising what kind of piece it is, and whether he wants to go to it. I have been for many years of the firm opinion that this description of the play which the critic gives—and indeed must give if his criticism is to be comprehensible—is just as often used as a guide by playgoers as the opinion of the critic himself. "This chap doesn't seem to think much of it," the unspoken thought might run, "but then he's a critic and bound to take a high-brow line. It sounds just the kind of thing I like."

The real trouble is that one cannot imagine this sort of playgoer reading an objective description—or for that matter, an enthusiastic description—of an avant-garde play and saying that it sounds just the kind of thing he likes. And yet, if I can detect any common belief in the diatribes of Mr. Arden, Mr. Wesker, Mr. Pinter and Miss Jellicoe against the critics, it is a belief that if criticism were abolished and objective description (presumably) substituted, more people would come to see their plays. I just do not believe it.

The critic's third duty, to his editor, might at first glance seem to be identical with his duty to the public. The editor has invited the critic to cover the theatre for his paper, and it is up to the critic to justify his selection by giving the paper's readers good service—a simple proposition. Sometimes, however, it is not so simple as all that, and to make my point clear I had better say a few words on a subject not generally understood — how dramatic critics come to get their jobs.

There is no regular method by which new dramatic critics are recruited. I used the word *invited,* in the paragraph above, of set purpose, because in my experience the would-be critic seldom gets the chance to apply for such a post, which is more often than not filled by somebody who has never particularly wanted to be a critic at all. This seems an extraordinary way for editors to behave, but it is not so really. An editor in search of a new dramatic critic is not looking for 'a man of the theatre'. He is looking for a writer who likes going to plays, and whose temperament and style are likely to fit in with the paper's policy. If such a man has had some actual critical experience, all the better, but if not he will quickly acquire it.

Again and again I have seen an editor take a chance on experience when he thought he had got the right man. Sometimes the man in question has been a member of the editor's own staff—which always has the advantage that if he does not settle to his new job he can go back to his old one; sometimes he has been a quite unexpected outsider, and for a striking example of that I need look no

further than my own case. I was a writer of fiction, still just in my twenties, when it happened. I had come out of the army about six months before, and was doing a bread-and-butter job (only it didn't run to butter really) editing a moribund weekly. Because I had been theatre-struck all my life I took one or two chances that came my way of writing its theatre-notices, and found that it was work I liked, and casually said so to an old friend of mine who was on the staff of *The Daily Telegraph.*

It had never crossed my mind that I could ever work for a daily paper, and I thought nothing more about what I had said. Nor did my old friend—until, a few weeks later, he was told the *Telegraph* would have to find a new critic. Did he by any chance know of anyone? ... He did, and the immediate result was an incredible telephone message to me to say that I had a good chance to secure a job which I did not know was vacant and for which, if I had known, I should not have dared to apply. And the ultimate result was that after a rather scarifying interim of trial trips and interviews, there I was—*The Daily Telegraph*'s dramatic critic. I suppose I must have been suitable for the post, because I have held it ever since, but if so it was the editor's responsibility, not mine.

It certainly seemed a very arbitrary appointment, because if I could be said to be known at all it was as the author of an Arabian-Nightish novel which was making people laugh. If it had been known that I had spent my last year at Cambridge in an intensive study of drama, and had written a paper on History of Criticism, some of the raised eyebrows might have resumed their ordinary positions a little more quickly. But a world war stretched between me and Cambridge, and I never thought to mention it. After all, I was in the job, and the only thing that really mattered was how I did it.

I have given an instance in which I happen to know all the facts, but there are plenty of others to prove that the initiative in this matter lies with the editor, not with the critic.

And that brings me to the last of the critic's commitments—his duty to himself. This duty can be expressed in three words —to *be* himself. He has been chosen by the editor because he is what he is, and his task is to be himself at his best. He must consult his own tastes, make his own standards, record his own reactions. He should not care whether other people agree with him; there is room for different opinions on every play, however great. The important point is not what he thinks but why he thinks it, and therefore his reasons for reaching his opinions must always be given (or at least implied), or his opinion will seem arbitrary, irresponsible and unjust to those who do not agree with it. And he should always have at the back of his mind the knowledge that while any clever fool can call attention to himself by picking holes, a critic's long-term reputation is served by what he singles out for praise.

ROBIN HOOD THEATRE

The Robin Hood Theatre, which stands in the grounds of Averham Rectory near Newark-on-Trent, is soon to be revived for amateur theatrical productions. Founded in 1912, it was originally used for the presentation of operatic works by the local people, and later for plays, but it fell into disuse about the time of the end of the Second World War. It is inteded to spend a considerable amount of money in bringing up to date this theatre, where Sir Donald Wolfit played several parts as a boy.

Young People and The Theatre

DEREK NEWTON

Derek Newton is Associate to the Director at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, and is responsible for the year's study into the question of young people and the theatre provided for by the Gulbenkian Foundation.

A PROGRESS REPORT

IN the January, 1960, issue of *New Theatre Magazine* Bryan Bailey wrote an article entitled "Building The Young Audience". He started this article with the words: "The professional theatre in this country has never made any real attempt to win new young people. Within this simple statement lies the heart of the most urgent problem facing all those who are concerned with the future of the living theatre in Great Britain".

One had no idea on reading the article that on March 25th, 1960, he would be killed. Bryan Bailey died on the M.1 in a car crash at Milton, near Northampton. As Charles Landstone wrote in an Obituary Notice in *The Stage:* . . . "Bailey had an assured touch and a calmness of manner and an aptitude for making friends. When to this was added a comprehension of vision and a certainty of direction, ultimate success was assured . . . When the important post at the first civic theatre in the country had to be filled Bailey was almost the obvious choice. He was modest about his appointment and conscious of the importance of it—not only to himself, but to the overall picture. The future of the civic theatre in this country depended on the success or failure of Coventry. Those of us who were aware of the position watched with anxiety and were grateful to see in the first few months that a pattern was being forged, and a groundwork for the English Theatre of the 1960's was being prepared". In the last months of 1959 the Belgrade Theatre Trust approached the Gulbenkian Foundation to grant the Belgrade a sum of money "to appoint a specialist to inquire into ways and means of giving young people a greater knowledge and appreciation of theatre". The grant was intended to cover a year's work with a report to be brought out at the end of that time. The award to the theatre of £1,300 was generous, and a clear plan of campaign and approach was decided.

Bryan Bailey asked me if I would undertake the year's work and, as I had been largely responsible for the previous work concerned with young people at the Belgrade Theatre and at the Guildford Theatre, Surrey, some years before, I decided to accept the offer as being vital and important to carry out. Initially we decided to carry out a three-pronged approach. Firstly contact with young people in schools, colleges and universities; secondly via commerce, industry, youth clubs and places where young people work, and lastly contact with young people in dance halls, jazz clubs, public houses, street corners and wherever young people tend to gather informally. We also decided to try and find out what were the theatre habits of specific age groups, why there was a negative response to theatre in

many cases and what could be done to bridge the gap between amateur and educational drama on the one hand and the professional theatre on the other. Before Bryan Bailey's death we had already taken actors, actresses, producers and writers into schools of all types. Talks and demonstrations which were given were always carried out in a friendly and informal manner and gave the key to further patterns of inquiry. It was here that one heard such comments as :—

"The theatre is for Upper Classes".

"Only snobs and cissies go to the theatre".

"I don't like going to the theatre because other people there have got more money than I've got".

"They come from better homes than I do".

"I don't like going to the theatre because the older people turn round when I laugh".

"You wouldn't notice it, but old people don't like us sitting next to them".

"I don't like going to the theatre because I don't like people looking at me in the intervals".

Were comments of this type the remarks of a limited section of the younger community insecure in themselves ? We prepared a "Consumer—Research" survey, in conjunction with the Research Department of the University of Birmingham Institute of Education. Nearly 3,000 Midland young people have completed these questionnaires and the results will be included in the final report that will be released shortly after this edition of *New Theatre Magazine* is published. In addition to the comments from Coventry young people and the factual results from the survey, tape-recorded interviews have been taken in many parts of the country. They are only of final value if read or listened to in their complete form but there was, for example, the young man who said about theatre : "You can't express yourself properly. Everybody's going 'sh' 'sh'—ain't they—telling you to be quiet—people that want to listen to it—well if you get bored in a long scene—well you might get bored—mightn't you ?"

——The young man who said talking about a thriller he saw "I think you should have a little chat about it, you know, having a guess who was the murderer".

——The apprentice who spoke about the audience at the Belgrade : "They only go to the theatre to impress other people, don't they ? They say to Mr. So-and-So the next day 'Oh Ai whent to the Belgrade'. They are—I mean—it puts you off don't it ?"

——A young Bristol commercial artist talking about the same attitude : "If you get a very controversial play like John Osborne's *The Entertainer,* something that's so-called intellectual . . . I think people want to go to show that they're in on the latest trend of thought".

——Two young artisans in Manchester : "the upper class do go to theatre because it is the thing to do . . . they definitely like doing it . . . they like to be seen at the theatre . . . they like to do this sort of thing . . ." "It's a good thing to go to work on Monday morning and say 'I went to the Hippodrome and saw *The Quare Fellow*' . . . you know". "The point of the play hasn't gone over with them . . . you might get five per cent of those that go to theatre appreciating it . . . the other 95 per cent go because it's the thing to do".

Rightly or wrongly these attitudes exist and it is against that background that we have endeavoured to widen our audience. One is also dealing with young people whose theatre experience started with commercial pantomime at about the

age of five and whose views of theatre are conditioned by the personalities they now hear and see on television and later pay expensively to see on the stage. As, for example, the young woman who, expressing herself about her idea of theatre, said : "I had brought a red rose for him. I went forward to throw it on to the stage and my friend did the same. He looked at us as he was moving round the stage singing. He stood by the two roses and picked them up. This was the most gripping moment and exciting of the evening for me. He carried on singing with our roses in his hand. When the song had finished people screamed and shouted, some cried, almost going hysterical, and a few fainted. He put the roses at the bottom of the drums. I only wish that I could have given him a bouquet himself, but if I had one to give him I would have been unable to do so, because at the foot of each block of steps leading onto the stage was a man on guard to see that no one got on to the stage. When people get so close to him their emotions and feelings carry them away. No-one would wish to hurt him but because his fans love him he gets mobbed".

Far fetched ideas ? Exceptional ? Not of those thousands of young people who will not think of coming into the theatre of our experience. Yet it is possible to create this type of enthusiasm as expressed by that young woman. From reports it seems to have happened on a recent Old Vic tour in Russia, during the curtain calls. A spontaneous overflow of emotion and appreciation. This we have been able to create but only in a small way on certain occasions at the Belgrade with some of our work with young people. How have we attempted to do it ?

As from 1st April, 1960, all the committed youthful support for the Belgrade was reorganised. The title chosen was the 'Young Stagers Club'. The name caused a considerable amount of initial thought. One wanted to find a term which would identify the nature of the club but would not cause a further barrier, as the term 'Under Twenty', 'Junior' or 'Student' might do. In a cinema, in a dance hall or on public transport young people are considered young adults. We wanted this in the theatre. No young person has seemed to have objected to saying "I'm a Young Stager" at the Box Office. There is not necessarily any youthful or diminuatory association with the term. Previously young people had been able to link themselves with the theatre in three ways; by joining the 'Under Twenty Club', by joining the 'Theatre Club' as a junior member, or by attending 'Theatre Holiday' sessions. With the new club there was simplification in the method of joining and, using the joint application and membership form, everything can be done by one visit to the box office or by writing one letter. There are two categories of membership. The "Y" section which costs 2/6d. per year and the "S" section which is free. "Y" members also have immediate membership of the Theatre Club and the opportunity to attend all their functions including special presentations on Sunday nights. Both groups are able to book seats in advance and buy them on the day at half price. The only exceptions are second performance on Saturday nights and Bank Holidays. At the end of nine months, membership figures were as follows :— "S" section 1,878; "Y" section 437.

In the "S" section the young people are constituted as follows :—

Grammar Schools 42%
Comprehensive Schools 22%
Secondary Modern Schools 23%
College or University 3%
Work or elsewhere 10%

The greatest numbers in age groups are 14 and 15 years. The maximum age is 21 unless the person is a student undergoing full time further education.

In the "Y" section, where the 2/6d. yearly fee is paid, percentages are :—

Grammar Schools 45%
Comprehensive Schools 20%
Secondary Modern Schools 15%
College or University 3%
Work or elsewhere 17%

The greatest age groups are 15 and 16 years.

The sexes are made up as follows :—

In the "S" section 25% male
75% female
In the "Y" section 40% male
60% female

In other words, a total division of 33% male, 67% female.

These figures show that we have been able to increase slightly over the period the number of young men showing a firm interest in theatre and to broaden slightly the type of background from which the young men and women are drawn.

Theatre Holiday sessions have continued. Bryan Bailey outlined the scope of these in his article. They have always been aimed to interest in an informal manner young people in all aspects of Theatre Arts and to encourage a critical and discerning audience. Sessions have been held on Saturday mornings and during school holidays. Some of the titles of the sessions have been "Learning How to be an Actor", "Writing, Lighting and Fighting" and "Tricks Behind the Scenes". These have gone a long way to give the young person information and theatre excitement without destroying the magic and illusion of the play that they will see as a member of an audience. Initially most of the young people were of the "lower sixth arts" background but we have in various ways been able to attract some of the 'semi-teddy boy' variety. This has been done in particular by "Rock and Rhyme" sessions which has been a method of bringing a narrowness to the gap between jazz forms of music and rhythmic poetry. A local amateur "Rock" group has played the music and members of the Company spoken the poetry. These sessions have been presented with simple settings but with colourful and exciting lighting effects and quick cutting between instrumentalists and verse readers.

Among other events specifically for young people has been the Sunday night performance of a play by an eighteen year old local authoress—Susan Hill's *Reproduction In Colour*. This was acted by a local youth theatre group under professional direction. As a national newspaper said : the evening "seemed in essence the basis for a new theatre constitution". There have been visits to other theatres such as Nottingham, Theatre Workshop and the Royal Court. We took part in a B.B.C. Children's Hour Quiz with the Bristol Little team and we held an art competition, "The Theatre at Christmas", which attracted over 650 entries.

Recently, through the generosity of the Local Education Authority, we have taken over a set of old offices some five minutes from the theatre, which will be used to supplement activities at the Belgrade where frequently lack of rooms to meet in and other activities held in the building cause some problems.

Liaison with schools has widened further in the last year and we are now in contact with over 380 schools and Educational Establishments in the Midlands area. There have been many exciting experiments with specific schools and discussion groups of teachers, and educationalists, together with theatre representatives, have assessed

the whole field of amateur and educational drama and its rightful link with the professional theatre.

In the final report there are observations and recommendations which are not only relevant to individual problems of the young person in the community but to the whole sphere of Children's and Youth Theatre.

The initial year's research, experiment and inquiry, naturally enough had to be interrupted on Bryan Bailey's death. The interim period before the appointment of the new director, Anthony Richardson, meant that the tempo of our work with young people and young audiences had to slow down.

The report will also deal with some other theatres and activities in other countries. The one aim of the report is to hope, as Bryan Bailey ended his article on "Building The Young Audience" that "new ideas will be stimulated and fresh encouragement given to living professional theatres throughout the country".

Verse in the Theatre

JOHN ARDEN

LET me first attempt a definition of verse. Verse is an arrangement of ideas in metrical form with or without rhyme and similar devices, which generally involves more than one principal meaning. In other words, we use the associations of words and images as strengthened by our metre and rhyme to remind us of an almost unlimited range of associations over and beyond their surface significance; in prose, however, each word simply means what it says and nothing else. English is not a very good language in which to write prose, for English words so often have more than one meaning and association. French lends itself more easily to a clear logical prose, but presents greater linguistic limitations to the poet.

Why should we use verse in the theatre, and if we want to use it are we well advised to do so? I think that even today there is a place for verse drama but that it is a limited place. I very much doubt if it is now possible to write satisfactory plays in verse from beginning to end as Shakespeare did. The very definition I have given of verse helps to explain why I think this. If verse is what I say it is, then it is very much more packed and concentrated than prose. Thus, if the play is of a constant level from beginning to end, it is going to be practically impossible for an average audience to understand it at one sitting. If the play is not so packed, then the passages which are weak might just as well be written in prose. The Elizabethans used verse all the way through, but in the later plays of Shakespeare there is a tendency more and more towards prose. I think that they were aware that verse becomes hypnotic. When a character in Shakespeare's plays breaks into prose a new dimension is opened in the play. For instance, in *Henry V* there is the King's rhetoric which is in verse and being rhetoric is not really very good poetry; its subsidiary meanings

This article is based on John Arden's speech at the N.U.S. Drama Festival at Leeds last January.

are those of glory, gold, silver, sword, blood and so on, and there is a slight phoniness about it, I take leave to suggest. Then there comes a prose speech in the middle of a play that says what it means, clearly, coldly and precisely. When one of the soldiers says to the King : "I am afeared there are few die well that die in a battle", having described all the legs and arms cut off in the battle, the use of words is economical and fulfills the best traditions of the best prose. Whenever I have seen the play, that part, if well-acted, has stood out from the verse, and I have a feeling that that is really the wrong way round—that nowadays we should be more concerned in writing verse passages that stand out from the prose, because since Ibsen modern drama has of necessity become associated with a realist depiction of contemporary life. The Elizabethans did this sometimes but nearly always they set their plays in foreign countries and distant periods. Nowadays this is done less and less in really good plays, and the use of prose to reflect and describe the everyday currency of ordinary speech has become more and more accepted in the theatre.

Our modern dramatist, like Pinter, uses the vernacular dialogue to a degree of elaboration and repetition so that it becomes like poetry, because, although it is not metrical, it employs poetic and rhetorical devices. In *The Caretaker* there is a man who is continually anxious to get down to Sidcup; he brings this in all the time, so that it becomes like a poetic theme. The prose there is beginning to work out of prose into poetry, and one feels that there is a desire to use straightforward prose to say things that prose does not normally say. I am not sure that this is a terribly good thing from the purist standpoint, but as Brecht says—If it works, it works!

There is a very interesting view put forward by the poet Robert Graves about this question of narrative verse—a view to which I subscribe. He says very bluntly that at no period in history has long narrative verse, even in plays, ever been justified, that the epic poem should not have been written, and that the best epics contain a lot of dead wood which might just as well have been written in prose. When one thinks of Homer, Dantë, Virgil or Milton, one thinks of the big episodes in their poems and forgets the rest. Homer is slightly different because nobody knows whether he actually sat down and wrote the *Iliad* or whether it was put together by a succession of people. Also one can read Homer with great pleasure in prose, as the success of the Penguin translation has shown. When it comes to highly stylised art poems, however, like the *Aeneid,* or *Paradise Lost,* I think Graves's criticisms are absolutely justified. He points to the Celtic tradition of epic writing, in which the bard would tell the story in improvised prose, with, interspersed in the story, certain passages of emotional tension which were composed in verse and which were verbatim and invariable. So there is always a loose story woven round certain definite poems, and I think that this is not a bad technique for us to bear in mind. I used this in *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* in the scene where the soldiers are on their way to the pub and the bargee says they are coming. Annie is asked what she thinks about soldiers and she speaks in quite regular ballad stanzas for sixteen lines. I could have written that in prose but I think to have done so would have involved a much more personal approach to the subject—one would have been more closely conscious of Annie's particular relationship with soldiers. When she speaks in verse, however, it gives an

oracular pronouncement; it is Annie speaking from her own experiences but it is also a generalised comment on soldiers, which contrasts quite nicely in the play with a similar passage in the same scene when Mrs. Hitchcock is asked what she remembers about Billy Hicks. There she talks in prose, and gives a completely definite portrait of Billy Hicks the man, without much external association. The audience's attention is there fixed on a concrete object, whereas in the other passage they are fixed on a general one, which I think is quite a valuable use of verse in the theatre.

Also, of course, in verse a lot more can be told in much shorter sentences than can be told in prose. I do not think I like T. S. Eliot's ideas of verse-writing at all. In *Murder in the Cathedral* he was very much following what I believe to be right—the verse dropped into the play and dropped out again. There was prose for the Archbishop's sermon; there was prose for the Knights' speeches; there was a loose metre running into prose for some of the other speeches; there were little rhyming tags to sharpen the meaning at points of satire and so on. He developed through his modern-setting plays, and particularly the last three, a type of loose line based on the Noël Coward conversation line. I am quite serious in this. Noël Coward is a genuine craftesman of the modern prose theatre, and I do not see why we should laugh at him. But I do not think it is a type of writing that need go into the poetic form. The joke, for instance, in *The Confidential Clerk*—"My uncle was run over by a rhinoceros in Africa"— is funny but it is pure Coward and there is no reason at all why it should be written in metre.

The other type of verse drama is Brecht, who very rarely wrote completely verse plays. When he did, as in *Arturo Ui,* a satire on Hitler, it is nearly all in verse, but it is parodying Elizabethan blank verse as translated by establishment authors of the German nineteeth century. Thus it is a second-hand parody. The verse is not in fact used for its own sake, but as a satirical device, and therefore I do not think can be considered as high verse drama. When he does write high verse drama, as in the verse speeches in *The Caucasian Chalk Circle,* he only uses a few speeches and they come at very crucial moments, as when the girl and the soldier are standing on either side of the river. One speech is headed "What she thought but did not utter" and the other is headed "What he thought but did not utter". These are two very beautiful poems just put in, and then the prose follows them and ends it.

I think the transition between verse and prose is difficult. I personally do not worry too much about making it. One does not have to work the characters up to a pitch of emotion, I feel, in order for them to spring spontaneously into verse. This sometimes is necessary, but it should not always be so. There is no reason, it seems to me, why the transition should be made at all, why the actor should not just come forward and say his verse bit, with everybody else talking prose. This means that the producer must be aware of what is happening and must in some way direct his actors so that the audience do not suddenly think 'what is this man talking about'. The moves, the gestures, the groupings should indicate the use of verse. This means obviously that it cannot be too naturalistic a production; on the other hand it means, if the prose bits are going to work, it cannot be too stylised a production. It is asking the director to find a new style, just as it is asking me to do so. This is very difficult. We cannot hope to

succeed in every play. The knife-edge balance has to be maintained—on one side your naturalistic prose— on the other side, your verse.

A Taste of Honey has no verse passages, but there are some monologue speeches; in Joan Littlewood's production there was a break in the convention. The characters came forward, addressed the audience directly, and in a way treated the speeches as if they were the verse passages I am talking about. The only point is, not being verse, they do not entirely work all the time. I have seen *A Taste of Honey* produced elsewhere in which those monologues were taken perfectly naturalistically, as a typical North-country invocation of the gods. I think if you can do a thing both ways, with complete success each time, it is a slightly uncommitted type of writing—it is not brave enough. If we are going to say anything in our plays over and above the surface meaning of the words, we can and must do it in verse.

I have been accused of filling my plays with dreary doggerel, which I suppose is a question of taste. I personally believe that the traditional English ballads, even in their poorer forms such as the nineteenth-century street ballads, are a type of basic poetry which we despise at our peril. I do not say that they are better than the poems of Robert Graves or T. S. Eliot, but I do say that they are worthy of intelligent, critical interpretation and appreciation. This they get in some quarters, but I feel that there are still too many theatrical critics who lack that essential literary education in the history of the theatre and poetry which they ought to have if they are to judge experiments properly. I do not want to attack the critics—it is always being done by dramatists and it gets us nowhere in the long run—but I would like to suggest that what sounds like doggerel may not quite be so. The verses in the ancient ballads, for instance, are sometimes very simple, but some that appear the most silly are often those that stick most in one's mind. I have never forgotten a verse which was read to me when I was eight by my father from what is commonly regarded by academic critics as the 'debased' version of *Chevy Chase,* a latish Tudor effort which includes the stanza :

"For Witherington my heart is woe;
I am in doleful dumps;
For when his leg was shot away,
He fought upon his stumps."

That is commonly laughed at, for the earlier version goes :

"For Witherington my heart is woe
That ever this thing should be;
For when his leg was smitten off
He knelt and fought from his knee."

That is supposed to be better, for the Tudor poet has introduced an unintentional comic effect. Personally, I think the original version is straightforward narrative reporting that might just as well have been in prose; the later one is grotesque poetry and was intended as such, for when these bards altered ballads as they related them they knew what they were doing. The fact that the poem has a tum-tee-tum metre and straight rhymes at the end should not make us regard it as being inferior to free verse. I cannot too strongly warn people against believing that poetry began with Ezra Pound. Although poets should and must experiment as must as they like, if they do not keep at least one finger on the railway lines of strict verse form, they will end up by not writing poetry at all.

Wordsworth had exactly the same problem. He was dealing with meaningless

eighteenth-century sub-Augustan poetry which drivelled on in rhyming couplets for page after page, and he found it necessary to return to what appeared to his contemporaries as particularly silly ballads. Personally, I do not find the Lucy ballads at all silly—I think they are moving. Coleridge's *The Ancient Mariner,* which was written at the same time and under the same spirit, is one of the finest poems in the English language, simply because he returns to a verse form that has not been used for serious poetry for many years, having been despised for its simplicity. He fills it with pregnant romantic associations that had long since been dried out of Augustan verse.

In stage songs as well I prefer simple tunes, and that is why I specify ballad ones, because the English and American folk song tunes are terribly good. They are simple but they are good, whereas the type of music generally used in musicals is pleasant but, to my mind, poor. Moreover, I find the sort of lyric written for the American musicals (and for the British musicals, which are not usually as good) is of small poetic value. What these writers can do, and do very well, is humorous, satirical, rather sharp stuff. But these are not often poems and when you refer to the printed text they quite simply do not look it. There is a looseness of form, a throwing away; they are in fact prose that rhymes. The average lyric for the average musical is devoid of metre and a genuine rhyme-scheme—they throw the rhymes in. The tunes are probably written first, and then the words to suit the tune. The effect is singable but odd. The only thing that it really works well in is this *sprechgesang,* this throw-away satire. It works also in the Gilbert and Sullivan songs, where, in the serious, romantic ones, it is nice and tight. Gilbert wrote in traditional metres and formal rhyme-schemes, and Sullivan set the music accordingly. When he wanted to do something looser and more satirical, more humourous, he wrote these *sprechgesang* type songs. That is a valid form in itself, but it is only half poetry. It uses the devices of poetry, metre and rhyme, as I said about Brecht earlier, at a second remove, to induce laughter. It is very rare that it actually produces a genuine poetic feeling of stronger associations behind it.

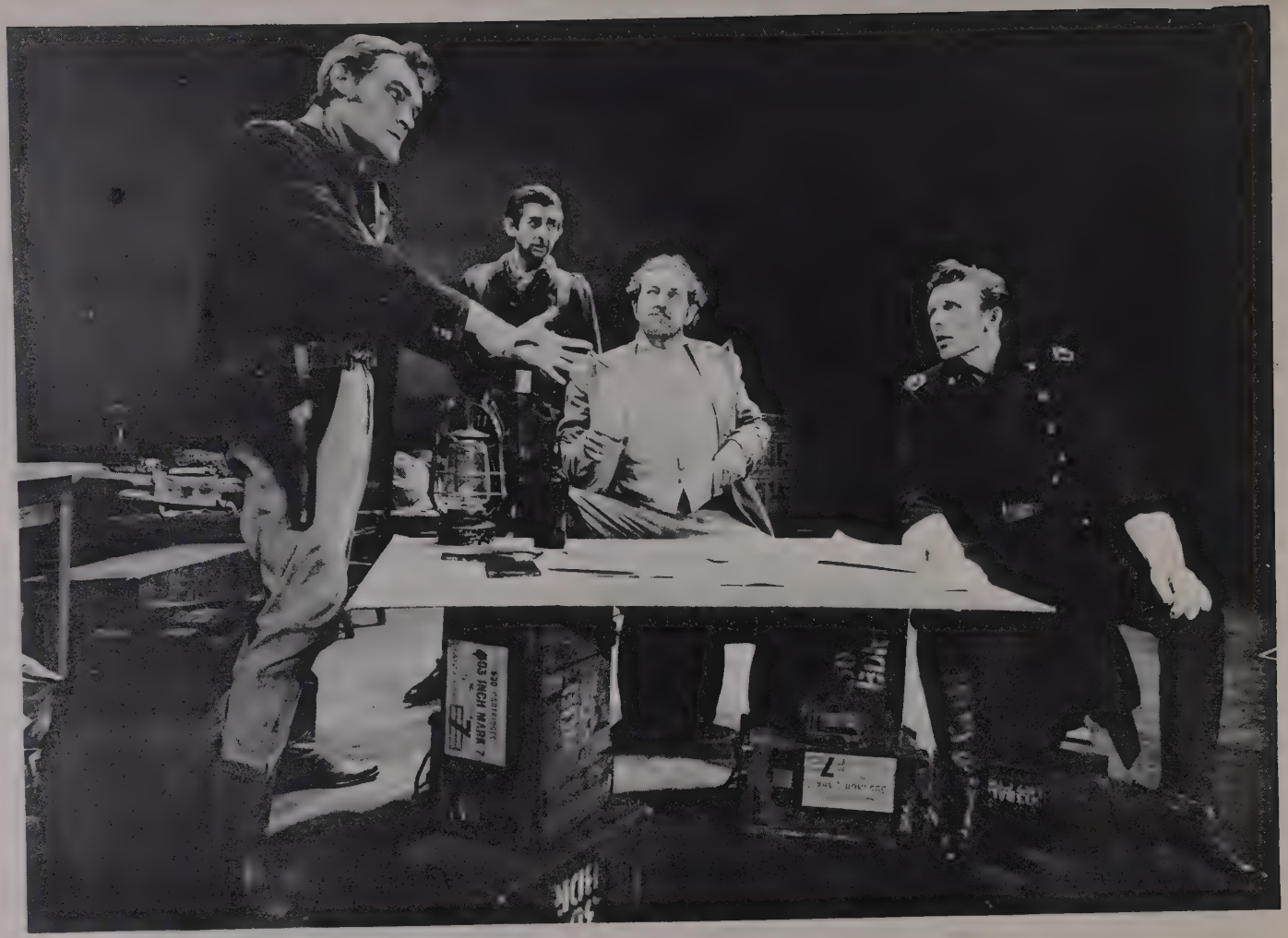
There is a type of poetic drama I have not discussed, and that is the work of Christopher Fry, who was terribly popular a few years ago, and whose plays I do enjoy. Do not think I under-estimate Fry, because he has a great gift of language, but there is not much else in his plays. He does not marry the language to a strong situation. The only play in which he really does this is *A Sleep of Prisoners,* but the language becomes so involved, so intense that it is literally impossible to understand what is being said. There is one episode which I got completely wrong when I saw the play. It is a series of Biblical episodes re-enacted by soldiers in a dream. One of these episodes is the Burning Fiery Furnace, and when I saw that play I thought it was Jonah in the Whale. The reason for this is that he starts the episode with a tremendous amount of imagery about water, and about somebody being confined somewhere; so you think of Jonah and the Whale. The fire imagery that is essential to the fiery furnace does not come in till later. Clearly something has gone wrong, and that is an attempt to use poetic images whenever he wanted to, rather than keeping them for moments when nothing else would be suitable. The play might have worked better had Fry chosen to have the narrative dialogue of the soldiers in prose, even in the scenes where they are dreaming, except for the

Members of the Manchester Library Theatre Resident Company in "*The Long and The Short and The Tall.*"

[*Photo :* Willis Hall

A Scene from the original production of "*The Happy Haven*" by John Arden, in the Drama Studio at Bristol University.

[*Photo :* Desmond Tripp



A Scene from "*The Rough and Ready Lot*" by Alun Owen, the "Encore" edition of which is reviewed on Page 28 of this issue.

[*Photo :* Ivor Sharp

Members of the Peter Haddon Company in "*A View from the Bridge.*"

crucial moments. To pack in the images like this is really too much for theatrical efficiency.

There is no reason why a playwright should not make his play as complex as he wants, but I do think that he must let the general thread of the play, the principal situations, work at the first sitting, so that, if the play is rich enough, the audience will say—'That was very fine. I think I understand it, but I would love to see it again to see what more I can find in it'. People have told me, both in the columns of the newspapers and to my face, that they have not understood one or other of my plays—*Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* or *The Happy Haven* for instance. I am sorry about this; it is not my wish. It is due to my disagreeably complicated temperament that will mess up what I want to be clear.

A Manchester Viewpoint

D. I. COLLEY

PERHAPS as there is still some wonderment that the City Librarian should be responsible for a full-time professional theatre I had better begin by explaining why it is logical for a public library service to include as one of its sections a professional theatre.

Most people think of a librarian as a custodian of books; most librarians think of themselves as custodians of ideas, some of which have been set down in letterpress, some in prints, engravings and photographs, some recorded on films and soundtracts, others on gramophone records and tape recordings. Moreover, a librarian is very much more than a custodian; he has a responsibility to ensure that the public has access to his storehouse of ideas, and is actively concerned in encouraging the circulation of ideas. He makes it easy for people to borrow books; he runs a programme of evening lectures and lunch-time readings; he arranges exhibitions and film shows; he lends gramophone records and, if his Committee is as enlightened as that which controls the Manchester Public Libraries, he runs a professional theatre.

Of late the theatre has been 'dying' rather more noisily than is its wont, and has attracted a host of well meaning sentimentalists, whose emotional appeals to tradition seem more appropriate to a society for the preservation of ancient monuments than to a body of people concerned to see the living theatre as a vital and intrinsic part of a modern community. I suppose it is inevitable for matters relating to the theatre to be treated in a theatrical manner, and for the natural processes of what a more normal walk of life would regard as growth, adaptation and evolution, to be regarded as death and destruction. This, however, does make it more difficult for sensible people to see what is actually happening, and moreover, to see what we can do, not to arrest the normal process of development but to help it along.

During the last two years, approximately one hundred theatres have closed their doors. In almost every case they have been fairly large theatres situated in city centres and in every case there have been the soundest of commercial reasons for their

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closures. A theatre in the centre of a town is a wasteful extravagance in the use of land; wasteful when compared with multi-storey car parks, office blocks or super-markets. Your modern theatre, if it must be in a city centre, must be part of another building, on the ground floor of a tall office block, incorporated with a department store, or in the basement of a library.

Writers, artistes and the public have turned away from large theatres : writers and artistes in deference to the demands for a naturalistic approach in the writing of plays and in their presentation, and the public because in a 1000-seater theatre naturalism rarely penetrates beyond the third row of the stalls.

A great deal of the work which previously of necessity was done by the theatre has been taken over by television and the cinema, and instead of bemoaning the fact the theatre should welcome the opportunity which has been presented to it to concentrate on its rightful business—the naturalistic play.

Your modern theatre, therefore, must be small—not more than five hundred seats. The crux of the matter is your potential audience for a given play. For example, if you have decided, as we have done, that four weeks is the minimum length of time necessary to rehearse a play, then the current play must run for four weeks to give us that rehearsal time. So it is not the size of the theatre but the length of the run that matters. You can be too big, but however small you may be your capacity depends not on the number of your seats but on the number of performances you can give.

The new media—the cinema, sound radio and television—are consuming the raw material of programmes at a fantastic rate. Writers, artistes, directors, scenic designers and technicians are being drawn into the maelstrom of these gigantic industries and away from the living theatre, particularly from the theatres in the provinces. Actors and actresses with a minimum of talent can maintain themselves very comfortably in London by casual work—a part-time job, the occasional appearance on T.V., the bit part here and there, the wringing hands, the marching feet, the noises off. Moreover, in London you can 'rest' by a telephone. One day, at the other end of that telephone will be a television or cinema casting director with a fat part and a lucrative contract. If you went to Manchester he might telephone while you were on the train, or he might not even know where Manchester is.

This is no way to produce a strong, proficient and talented body of professionals. You can almost always use an actor with a modicum of talent if you believe that an actor is an actor and not merely a useful scream to be used from time to time as a scream is demanded. Furthermore, there should never be any question in the theatre of engaging a suitable actor for certain roles. The most exciting feature of a permanent company is to watch the extra-ordinary development of actors and actresses when forced into varied and often unexpected parts. The permanent company has to meet the challenge and the results are often well worth while, for this challenge in being invited to play roles apparently outside his existing scope is the only way in which an actor can really develop. If your modern theatre is to survive you must have writers and a steady flow of new material. It must be a permanent theatre with a permanent company offering full time employment and an opportunity to everyone connected with it to develop and flower and come to maturity as individuals. But more important still it gives the individual members of the com-

pany the time to develop that essential characteristic of a thriving theatre—a unity of purpose which results in the whole being greater than the sum of its parts.

So far in this sketchy dissection of the theatre we have considered buildings and the raw material of a production. It is not easy to decide which of the remaining three ingredients of the live theatre should next attract our attention. They are the audience, the management, and the policy making body.

Let us consider the audience for our modern theatre, for without an audience no theatre can exist. The country spends about five hundred million pounds a year on our public education system; a system which aims at fitting people for leisure as well as for employment. Yet there is a very considerable gap between those who are culturally well endowed and those who are not. The person with a good educational background goes on accumulating cultural riches, while the person at the other end of the scale becomes progressively more resistant to cultural demands.

There are certain institutions, however, which have an access to the public as a whole denied to all other information agencies. They are broadcasting, the press and the public library. It is our social and moral obligation, as one of the few agencies capable of doing so, to concentrate the bulk of our resources on the work of deepening and disciplining the minds of the educationally undeveloped. Those dramatic critics who write too enthusiastically about the 'avant-garde' dramatists are doing the theatre a poor service. It is possible for the play-house to be intelligent and clever, human and gay, without being handed over to a sterile kind of neo-Bloomsburyism. The cult of incomprehensibility pays poor dividends. Ordinary men and women are the audience to which the modern theatre must address itself. This is what we are doing at the Library Theatre, while catering for the educated minority as well, though their appreciation may well be different in kind and on a different level.

When it comes to the management of a theatre, a local government officer starts with a tremendous advantage over other aspirants. At the lifting of a telephone he can summon a hundred experts to his aid; the specialists of the Organisation and Methods Division, the chartered accountants of the City Treasurer's, the solicitors of the Town Clerk's Department, the assistants and draughtsmen of the City Architect's, the vital consumer research provided almost as a matter of course by the elected representatives of the people.

Actor - managers, producer - managers, dilettante-managers are almost bound to fail or to require very considerable subsidies. Local government officers have a reasonable chance of success. Moreover, their chances of success are enhanced because they are carrying out a policy which has been laid down for them by the finest policy making instrument available in the country to-day—a Committee of a City Council.

One cannot be so naive as to imagine that a committee after a short deliberation hands to its Chief Officer a faultless document. Policy making is an empirical process. Since 1953 when the Libraries Committee accepted full responsibility for the financial and artistic fortunes of the Library Theatre, policy and management have developed hand in hand.

Decisions have been taken in committee and resolutions passed; there has been much discussion, criticism and some praise; suggestions and counter suggestions have been made and the Chief Officer, a highly sensitive recording instrument, has, by crystallizing the results of many meetings

in the shape of reports to the Committee, provided fresh material for discussion and enabled them constantly to relate policy to means.

Your modern theatre must be a local enterprise, designed to meet the needs of the community it is intended to serve. It must be financed locally and run with adequate financial backing. The wishes and desires of the community should be incorporated in its policy and its management should be directly responsible to the policy makers.

In a phrase, it should be a true municipal theatre, and in the Library Theatre, Manchester has the only prototype. Indeed, the Libraries Committee and their employees have proved against the most fantastic odds and against the combined pessimism of practically every expert on the theatre you can name that the Library Theatre can be successful. Moreover, they have proved it in language a Manchester man can understand—we make a profit!

Repertory in Wimbledon

PETER HADDON

Peter Haddon is Actor-Manager at the Wimbledon Theatre.

WHEN I was a young actor, learning my job, I regarded Robert Courtneidge as my Headmaster, Sir Gerald du Maurier as my Housemaster, and George Grossmith as my Form Master. Thus, my knowledge of the theatre today is based, broadly speaking, upon the lessons and teaching of these three able men of a former generation.

I remember one day my *Headmaster* saying: "If ever you invest in the theatre, my boy, never put your money into a railway town in England or, for that matter, a cathedral town." He omitted to include in his directive a military town. I had to purchase that bit of information. It cost £10,000.

I arrived at Wimbledon one January morning in 1955 with the remnants of my battle-scarred Company from Aldershot, having left my aforementioned life savings well and truly buried under the floorboards of the now defunct Hippodrome Theatre. My contract at Wimbledon was for six weeks, and at the end of that time I had lost half of my remaining slender capital. A further six weeks and the other half disappeared. Once again I had failed, and following so closely upon my failure at Aldershot, I was feeling slightly bruised, not a little battered and somewhat bent. And had it not been for the kindness and generosity of Mr. S. H. Newsome, lessee of Wimbledon Theatre at that time, who agreed to guarantee my losses for twelve months, I should today be selling eggs on the roadside outside Leighton Buzzard or floor-waiting along the third corridor of the fourth floor at Grosvenor House.

At the end of twelve months Sam Newsome's friendship was severely overtaxed. During February and early March 1956 I lost, in the short space of a few weeks, £3,000. "This is bankruptcy living, Peter. No one can go on like this," he said; "I must withdraw my financial support. The Theatre must close." So, once again, Grosvenor House and Leighton Buzzard were visible on the skyline.

It was my *Housemaster* who used to say : "Inside the theatre you *must* believe in what you are doing". During the ensuing weeks I had abundant opportunity of putting this bit of wisdom to the test, so much so that today, as the result of this experience, I verily believe that faith can move mountains. I will tell you why. I had carried out Mr. Newsome's instructions. The Notice was posted on the board to close the Theatre. There were ten days to go. I had tried everything to avoid the inevitable happening, yet the harder I had tried, the less I had succeeded. My Accountants were adamant. "Admit defeat," they said; "Disband the Company. You've failed again. Get out of Wimbledon."

With these words ringing in my ears, I wended my way from my office to go backstage on the penultimate Wednesday evening, just as the curtain was due to fall on the performance. Going down the stairs leading to the pass door I heard the applause. The house was small, possibly two hundred people, maybe more. Yet even five hundred people in Wimbledon Theatre, which seats over two thousand, is a depressing sight at the best of times. I reached the stage; the third or fourth curtain call was being taken, and as I stood listening in the wings, the applause increased in volume. Here and there I detected a cheer and slowly, as the audience applauded, they rose to their feet. "Bravo", "Well played", "Hooray!" And with their enthusiasm rising I suddenly found myself, as if propelled by some unforeseen force, on-stage. Nobody had told me to go. I hadn't even told myself. I just went on, unrehearsed, unannounced. Normally the thought of taking a call at the end of a performance when I am not acting in the play is repellent to me. Nothing must detract from the applause for the actors. Yet here was I, facing the audience without thought, regard, intention or purpose. What on earth was I doing there ?

I do not remember what I said as I stepped forward. I suppose I just talked as I might talk to my daughter over the breakfast table. Obviously I discussed the thought uppermost in all our minds—the inevitability of the curtain falling for the last time on Saturday week. And then I heard myself saying, "Of course we could form a Theatre Club and charge a subscription of £1 per year." It seemed as though I had evolved a scheme, but I had no plan. I was merely thinking aloud, snatching on the spur of the moment at the proverbial straw like the proverbial drowning man. Yet in some curious way I sensed a reaction, and before I left the stage that evening I had collected £50 in one pound notes. During the remaining few days, by adopting the same methods, I raised £1,900 in one pound notes, handed over the footlights at the fall of the curtain after each performance. And, after six years at Wimbledon, I am glad to report that we are still living on that money today.

I have no Committee to help or advise on the running of the Theatre. No Board of Directors in the accepted sense. No Chairman, no Managing Director, no shareholders. I am answerable to no one except, of course, the Public on the one hand and my Bank Manager on the other.

When Mr. S. H. Newsome's lease expired in 1957, I negotiated with the owners of the Theatre, the J. B. Mulholland Trust, a ten year lease, so I am completely on my own.

I have no grant from the Wimbledon Borough Council and, in fairness to the Wimbledon Borough Council, I would point out that I have not applied for one. I have no grant from the Arts Council and, in fairness to the Arts Council, I again would point out that I have not applied for one. I have, however, received a three year grant from Associated-Rediffusion of £2,500 per annum, to further a closer working between theatre and television but, in fairness to myself, I made no move to bring this about. I know people said, and still say, "Oh, Haddon's pulling strings. Stunting again as usual." Thus, I am glad of the opportunity of placing on record the fact that I was approached direct by Associated-Rediffusion to take part in this exciting experiment, after other repertory companies had been visited. Thus, Wimbledon received this recognition on merit.

Sometimes I feel that it is too much for one person now-a-days to select the plays, engage the actors, produce occasionally, act frequently, co-ordinate the backstage departments, run the front of the house and, in my spare time, make myself responsible for the £1,200 that we must take each week at the Box Office in order to pay our way. And when I find myself thinking, "This is murder. This is too much," in the same breath I say to myself, "You had no right to take on this job unless you were prepared to see the job through."

Our biggest asset is, at once, our greatest liability. A paradox admittedly, but let me explain. The asset, which is self-evident, is the great advantage of being twenty five minutes by public transport *from* Piccadilly Circus—the liability, which is not so self-evident, is the overwhelming disadvantage of being twenty five minutes by public transport *to* Piccadilly Circus, because, in the main, the average suburban dweller does not visit his local theatre, which fact is evidenced by the closure, in the last ten years, of over thirty London Suburban theatres.

Wimbledon Town is divided by a railway bridge. If you live on one side of the bridge—up the Hill—you are socially 'in.' If you live on the other side—in the town—you are socially 'out.' We live in the town and therefore we are socially out! But everyone is awfully polite. For instance, when my sister-in-law, Cicely Courtneidge, comes to play with the Company the "dear old dears" on top of the Hill roll down in their thousands. Likewise, should my brother-in-law, Jack Hulbert, join the Company for a week, then they veritably hurtle down the Hill. But, as I have already pointed out, the average Wimbledonian does not visit his local theatre. He pops into Town to see 'the big boys' at work in Shaftesbury Avenue—and can you blame him? Our regular weekly audiences are drawn from around and about—Wandsworth, Surbiton, Kingston, Epsom, Twickenham, Weybridge, Woking—whilst others come from places like Romford, Buckingham, Aylesbury, Reading and, believe it or not, Portsmouth. For, let's face it, our lines of communication are excellent. That main line railway bridge does more than cut the town in half. It really works for its living, although actually it works for Southern Railway.

Otherwise, our problems and difficulties at Wimbledon are no different, I imagine, from those which most Repertory theatres have to face throughout the country. Our two major problems are rising costs and lowering standards. Rising costs are a nation-wide headache, whether you sell

cricket bats, cabbages or theatre tickets, and the only remedy is to act on the politicians' advice—produce more or, in our case, work harder and increase one's revenue. Last year, my Accountants tell me, two items, and two items alone, in our budget accounted for over £40,000 of our revenue, i.e. salaries and rent. Thus, you have to get up very early in the morning and keep working until very late at night to sell the necessary £60,000 worth of tickets a year, when the highest priced seat is seven shillings.

Lowering standards is a complaint which attacks all departments occasionally, and to an extent it is another of these contemporary national ailments. Nowadays the pride of achievement seems to have disappeared, or at any rate to have been submerged under the modern slogans "You've never had it so good" and "I couldn't care less". The best way, I find, of keeping apathy out of the Theatre is to treat your actors, scenic department, backstage and front of house staff, down to the junior usherette, like potential Derby Winners, studying their each and every mood. Thus, with a full working team imbued with an abundance of confidence and determination, the weakest production of the year can be made the strongest, and "the-weekly-bash" becomes a joy. At Wimbledon we seem to go along quite happily for seven or eight weeks and then, all of a sudden, for no reason at all, something hits the Company, the backstage staff or some other department. The standard drops and you wonder what has hit you. The answer is—nothing. You are dealing with the human element, and it rights itself immediately. The following week you are back to normal. Conversely, you go along quite happily for another seven or eight weeks and then you hit the roof with joy—a moment of magic enters the theatre and you have produced a show that would do credit to any theatre in the country.

An interesting, yet odd, feature of the Borough is the number of amateur dramatic societies in the town. Wimbledon is literally full of them. Sometimes I think that every street, every road, every shop, every office, every garage, must have its own amateur dramatic society. They breed like flies and, like flies, they are active for most of the year. One of the leading amateur societies affiliated to the Wimbledon Community Association is the Wimbledon Repertory Players, and after we had been here four years I was forced to change the name of our Company from the *Wimbledon Theatre Players* to the *Peter Haddon Company* for no other reason than that it was firmly and genuinely accepted that we ourselves were an amateur organisation. Naturally I was hesitant to take this step of personally identifying myself with the Company, being an actor and therefore by nature a shy and retiring man ! Yet there was naught else a poor actor could do.

One of the encouraging things about our work at Wimbledon is that, in small measure, we can claim to have captured the youth of the neighbourhood. On a normal Saturday night throughout the year we can rely on playing to a full house, and 75% of a normal Saturday night audience are teenagers and youngsters. They come in their drainpipe trousers, complete with their sideboards and winklepicker shoes, whilst many wear their jeans and others the full regalia of the beatnik. They turn out for Bernard Shaw like they turn out for Agatha Christie, and they do not stay away when we produce Shakespeare. Since the day I arrived in Wimbledon my policy has been to attract youth by going out after youth. Within the first ten days of my

arrival in '55 I was speaking at a Youth Club. During the intervening years I have been out as many as five nights a week, speaking at Youth Clubs. One Sunday night in 1958 I spoke at three meetings during the evening. And today I will still walk five miles through a snow storm to talk to youth about the theatre. I am not concerned whether the youth club to whom I speak is affiliated to a Blue political party or a Red, or whether the denomination of the Church Youth Institute is Roman Catholic or Unitarian. Give me youth. Last August I booked Adam Faith for our Pantomime at Christmas and, within a few days, I was rung up by a top London theatre executive who said "Is it true what I hear ? Have you booked Adam Faith for pantomime ?" I said "Yes". He replied "Oh, my dear fellow, you have committed professional suicide. Whatever made you do that ?" Since Adam Faith represents a vast section of the youth of today and the youth of today have literally piled into this Theatre during our eight week Pantomime season, to beat handsomely all previous years' pantomime figures, I am still wondering why the telephone call—why ? I have little patience with people who adopt this negative attitude of sitting at home and waiting for the telephone bell to ring. Nowadays you must go out and make it ring. Not at the Town Hall by asking for a grant, nor at the Arts Council asking for another grant. There is too much talk today in the repertory camp about subsidies, grants and another sixpence on the rates and so forth. And it is harmful talk. Very harmful. Concentrate on making your theatre an attractive centre for youngsters and teenagers, and you will receive a very pleasant surprise.

In fairness to youth, however, you must have something to offer, and in this respect I notice an increasing desire on everybody's part in the repertory camp to beg the question. Reports of meetings, letters to the press and speeches by leading local authorities all lament the out-of-date theatres, the uncomfortable seats and the dismal auditoriums. Never have I read or heard anyone who had the courage to say that the standard of performance on the stage was just not good enough. And yet, having spent my last two summer holidays going round the Repertory Theatres of this country, I have no hesitation in saying that I would not—repeat not—be critical of any youngster or teenager who refused to go, in many cases, near his local repertory theatre. On each of my annual tours I paid for my seat; therefore I can speak as a member of the public. In no case did I go to spy, certainly I did not go to criticise. Principally I went to enjoy myself. I was on my holidays and I was going to the theatre each evening, which is still, with me, an occasion, an event. I must confess, however, that many productions I saw performed by supposedly well-known companies I have seen much better performed and infinitely better staged by several of the innumerable Wimbledon amateur dramatic societies to which I have already referred.

What of the future at Wimbledon ? In these parlous times in which we live, it would be unwise to prophesy. But if, when the time comes for me to hand over the reins, I can also hand over the deeds of the building to the Wimbledon Borough Council (or an equally responsible body) to be held in perpetuity as a living theatre for unborn generations to come, then I shall be satisfied. For that is my ambition. My goal. My aim. It was my *Form master* who once said : "Never do things by halves. If it be right, do it boldly. If it be wrong, leave it undone."

If the Theatre were to Shut . . . .

DENNIS THOROGOOD

Late last year an appeal for funds to help Colchester Repertory Theatre was launched by the Repertory Club. Ten thousand people were circulated and a minimum of £2,000 was hoped for. At the end of February, however, only £300 had been received. We asked Dennis Thorogood, Secretary of the Colchester Repertory Club, to explain why the appeal had been necessary, why it had been so unsuccessful and what effect it would have on the future of the Colchester Theatre.

"If the theatre were to shut up, the stage be wholly silenced and suppressed, I believe the world, bad as it is now, would be ten times more wicked".

So wrote Antoine de La Motte, a Parisian playwright of the early eighteenth century, and so think many people in this country today. Unfortunately, not many of them think strongly enough to do anything about putting a stop now to the continued shutting up of the theatres to make room for office blocks, shops and warehouses.

Like many other similar clubs and associations ranging over the country, the Colchester Repertory Club was formed in an attempt to organise some practical support for at least one British theatre. In fact the actual wording of the constitution of the Club is :—

> *'To initiate and foster a wider interest in the work of the Colchester Repertory Theatre in particular and the British Theatre in general, and through these aims to render financial and other assistance to the theatre'.*

To attempt, in effect, to keep a live theatre in Colchester.

The Colchester Repertory Company has been the only live theatre in Colchester since it was started in 1937—apart from the occasional weekly variety show presented at one of the cinemas—which makes it one of the oldest Repertory Theatres in the country. In the early autumn of that year, twenty-five years ago, two enterprising people, Beatrice Radley and Robert Digby, the present Director of the theatre, decided that there was a chance for a Repertory Company in the town, and proceeded to act upon this opinion. With the consent of the local council an Art Gallery with a concert platform, appropriately or not called the Albert Hall, was leased for three months, with the possibility of a three months extension, but only for alternate weeks, the latter condition being made to allow the local societies and clubs to continue to use the hall.

A local amateur dramatic society lent the Company a proscenium arch and a stage extension, and so, with cushions tied to the existing hard chairs and benches, the first play *The Late Christopher Bean* was performed in October, 1937. During the alternate weeks the towns and villages around Colchester were toured with one night stands wherever a suitable hall was available.

The inhabitants of Colchester, with true East Anglican suspicion for anything new, were slow to respond to this new thing in their midst but, after a B.B.C. broadcast of *Outward Bound*, interest grew which enabled the Company to continue. The outbreak of war brought many more problems but also brought new audiences in to the theatre, and during 1942-1943 the Company played to capacity houses. Whilst one group stayed in Colchester, another toured camps and hospitals all over the country, and after the war travelled further afield to Holland, Italy and India.

The prosperity of the war years, however, did not last long after the ending of hostilities. Costs rose, and although the Company now had the use of the theatre every week (the same Art Gallery but with comfortable tip-up seats on a 'raked' auditorium), the attendances fell. Nevertheless, the theatre was still making a profit in 1946 when a most important step was taken in its history. Right from the beginning Mr. Digby had envisaged a Civic-owned theatre, and in 1946 he made the move which transformed this idea into solid fact; he turned the theatre over to a Theatre Trust, and with the theatre went the assets of £10,000. From that date the Colchester Repertory Theatre has been run by a Board of Directors, with Mr. Digby as its Secretary and Theatre Director, all being responsible to the Borough Council.

The Colchester Council has since that year been generous towards its theatre. At first it voted an annual subsidy of £500 which was increased to £1,500 in 1958 and further increased to £2,000 for the present year. A very generous grant indeed when the size of the town is considered, and it is felt that the measure of support afforded to the theatre by the local people, and in particular the Repertory Club, played a great part in deciding the Council to levy the equivalent of a ½d. rate for this purpose.

It is generally recognised that it is impossible for a town of under 100,000 population to be able to support a Repertory theatre. Colchester, with its 63,000 inhabitants, has proved that wrong. With a theatre which seats only 363 and with a supporting club which boasts an average yearly membership of 650 this is no mean achievement. Founded in 1952, when the theatre first began to lose money, the Colchester Repertory Club has formed a solid backing for the theatre since that date, and in a practical way has contributed nearly £5,000 in kind and money during that time. Occasional monetary gifts have been given, but in the main this total was used in providing such articles as new foyer curtains, carpets for the auditorium, new lighting equipment and in meeting the cost of completely redecorating the theatre and rebuilding the stage, so that, although it is still the Art Gallery called the Albert Hall, it is a greatly improved building theatre-wise.

This practical support is given from the income of the Club earned in three ways —subscriptions, not including Deeds of Covenant which are paid direct to the Company; two annual sweepstakes and revenue from meetings of the Club—and has helped to build a theatre conscious public. In addition, over the years it has brought a wider knowledge of the theatre to what would otherwise be a barren territory. Theatre personalities who, but for the Club, would still be names or varying shades on a screen have visited the town to talk or perform for members. Barbara Jefford, Peggy Mount, Sir Donald Wolfit and Emlyn Williams, to name only a few, have all appeared at meetings sponsored by the Repertory Club.

But despite these efforts and those of the indefatigable Robert Digby the theatre found itself up against it in the summer of 1960. It was decided to call a Public Meeting in the town hall to publicise the position and to discuss the problems which had arisen. The closing down of the theatre seemed imminent but after listening to the imposing array of speakers assembled to speak in favour of the theatre staying open one felt that there was a great deal more hope than was first thought. A hundred business men, led by a local newspaper owner, had already each contributed £3.3.0. per annum under a 7 years Covenant, and although it was not known at the time the

Council was to vote a grant of £2,000 the next day. In the same generous spirit the Urban and Rural District Councils around Colchester, but in no way connected with it, voted grants to the Rep. Towns like Braintree and Maldon, 15 miles away, and the Essex Education Committee all made contributions, and in all nearly £2,000 was forthcoming in this way.

With this spirit in the air, the Repertory Club Committee decided that it would be an opportune time to inaugurate a Trust Fund of its own, the aims of which would be to create a reserve to be used only to meet any deficit remaining in the Company's accounts at the end of the financial year. An area around and including Colchester was chosen from which it was calculated came the majority of Rep-goers. In this chosen area, using the telephone directory as a guide, everyone excluding businesses, hospitals, institutions, etc., was to be circularised. The estimated number was 10,000. Approval for the scheme was unanimous and met with enthusiasm, as did a request for volunteers to fold the required number of printed letters, put them in the envelopes and address them. The appeal explained the present position of the theatre and asked the recipient to consider donating a sum to the Trust Fund. No set amount was quoted. Within three weeks all the envelopes had been addressed, filled and dispatched. After flooding out the local G.P.O. for franking, the Committee sat back and awaited results.

Three months later the total received is £300.

People have asked "Do we consider this satisfactory?" "Are we disheartened?" "What effect will this have on our future policy?" The Vice-Chairman of the Repertory Club said at the outset that if the appeal was not a success then things might look black for the future of the theatre in Colchester, but we do not consider the enterprise a failure. Admittedly, at the start we foresaw a much larger response, but firstly, the contributions are still coming in; secondly, the appeal was made at a rather shaky time, round about Christmas; and thirdly and most important, the appeals were sent out to the area covered by all the Urban and Rural District Councils which have contributed nearly £2,000 from their rates since the Trust Fund was started. This may have had an effect upon the result, it may even have decided the councils one way or another, but the point is that the result has been the same. Since the Public Meeting, the theatre has been promised approximately £4,300 from all these sources, and this does not include the aid given by the Arts Council. This income, which is larger by far than has ever been received by the Rep. is the reason why the Club is far from disheartened.

Our future policy will continue in very much the same way, except that our approach will be intensified to meet this more optimistic air. It was originally intended to repeat the Trust Fund appeal without alteration, but we feel now that a modification is needed. So next year we intend to narrow our sights and concentrate on the Colchester area alone and not restricting ourselves to telephone users, but aiming at every household. That will mean more circulars to be printed, more envelopes to be addressed, but we have the enthusiasm of Club members to help us, the same enthusiasm which has kept the Colchester Rep. open for 23 years.

With this same enthusiasm, the Colchester Repertory Club intends to fight to support the theatre in its battle against rising costs and the many other evils currently supposed, rightly or wrongly, to

be leading to the downfall of the British theatre. It will fight until the 'powers that be' realise that this is not just a local struggle but a national one, by many clubs similar to the Colchester Repertory Club, all backing the Repertory Movement.

"If the theatre were to shut . . . " appears on the cover of the programmes of the Colchester Repertory Company each week. We believe what Monsieur de La Motte wrote to be true; that is why we work as we do.

Book Reviews:

The Rough and Ready Lot. By Alun Owen. (Encore, 6s., 55 pages.)

The Rough and Ready Lot are British officers fighting in a popular revolution "in South America a few years after the end of the American Civil War". They are mutually at odds as to whether or not to turn their cannons on a monastery tenanted successively by, among others, an Indian god, the Virgin Mary (in person), and enemy troops who have fortified it. To the artillery officer, a doctrinaire revolutionary (a sort of pre-Communist), there is no question: "I can blow it down tonight in about half an hour, and by daylight tomorrow, we'll be through and on to the plain and, by my reckoning, two days'll see us in the capital . . . Obviously the place must be blown down . . ."

To one of the infantry officers, a vociferous Catholic, the issue is equally ". . . quite simple. It is black and white. Sin is sin." To him, the artilleryman is "talking in terms of attempting, as it were, to place the nails in my Saviour's hands . . . " Only the Colonel, who acts as chairman for the discussion, can realise and expound the complexities of the issue.

Alan Owen's play, then, is one of those moral melodramas, in which an incident of war or revolution is contrived to raise an issue of ends and means, which is then argued intermittently for three or five acts, depending on the age of the play. The genre is an honorable one—including *Venice Preserv'd* as well as *Command Decision*—and this specimen, quite traditional in form, is by no means a bad example, being extremely well and neatly contrived. Action and argument are not fused, as ideally they should be (consider the best of Shaw's work, where action is argument and argument is action), but they are skilfully alternated. Moreover, though the unity of action is violated by a long comedy sequence, neither necessary nor funny, centring about a bath, the unities of time and space are observed very strictly and quite without strain.

But it is all a little too neat. Mr. Owen has not exercised enough of the art that conceals art, and the result is a frequent sense of contrivance, as of a hypothetical example rather than a play. Several of the characters are alloted setpieces in which they explain their attitudes by describing crucial experiences of their earlier years, and especially in these passages, Mr. Owen's prose is so emphatic and remorselessly to the point as to ring slightly false in the mouths of hard-nosed soldiers of fortune, who ought to be rather less eager to explain themselves than the author is to explain them.

Having been clearly stated and cogently argued, Mr. Owen's issue is quite properly never resolved—if a question is compelling enough, the dramatist has every right

simply to state it, without dishing up neat answers—and the play is brought to an end by an ironic and sanguinary series of plot twists. But even here, it is easier to admire the skill with which Mr. Owen piles counterstroke on stroke, than to be directly impressed or moved. *The Rough and Ready Lot* is stimulating, readable, and eminently well-built for the stage, but the sprawling Liverpudlian humours of Mr. Owen's newer play, *Progress to the Park*, are far more naturally and palpably effective.

JULIUS NOVICK

Stratford - upon - Avon Studies No. I: JACOBEAN THEATRE (Edward Arnold, 253 pages, 25/-).

This volume, the first of a new series on literature and the theatre edited from the Shakespeare Institute, consists of ten chapters by different hands on various aspects of Jacobean drama. The editors have not attempted to cover the field systematically, nor yet to impose any uniformity of approach and treatment on their team of distinguished contributors: as they remark in the Preface:

"Some subjects are treated by more than one author and in more than one way... each chapter uses the kind of exposition suitable to its theme".

The result may indeed reflect "many kinds of appreciation" and represent "a fresh response to the Jacobean Theatre, to its varied achievements and its poetic and theatrical life", but it is not every reader who will find the volume helpful as a whole. The historical and bibliographical notes placed before each chapter, though excellent in themselves, seem to cater for the complete novice in this field, while the arguments and techniques employed by most of the essayists presuppose in the reader both detailed knowledge of the period and a specifically academic turn of mind. Perhaps the university student whose reach exceeds his grasp is the target, and he should certainly find much of interest and stimulus in the way this volume has been planned.

Though full consideration of Shakespeare's Jacobean plays, as of his early comedies and histories, has been reserved for later in the series, a flexible and humane survey of the tragedies, by Maynard Mack, and a provocative disquisition on how best to stage *The Tempest*, by the director and actor David Williams, prevent this volume from appearing too much like *Hamlet* without the Prince.

It is in fact Ben Jonson who looms largest here, since four chapters discuss his work from different angles. The principles and methods of his stagecraft are briefly but illuminatingly reviewed by William Armstrong, with a wealth of citation that should recommend itself to students of theatre history. Arthur Brown's study of citizen comedy and domestic drama sets Jonson's achievement in these kinds over against those of Dekker and Heywood, and shows that differences of method and talent rather than of moral purpose divide the three playwrights. G. K. Hunter explores the moral landscape of John Marston and compares the 'realism' of its Italianate horrors with the satiric social insights of Jonson's 'realism': his conclusion that Marston, Tourneur and Webster treated Italy "as a mode of human experience rather than a country" is particularly well argued, and supported by reference to Edward Sharpham's little-known play *The Fleer* and Dekker's *Honest Whore*. In the next chapter Geoffrey Hill analyses the satiric and poetic methods used in those

unjustly neglected Roman tragedies *Sejanus* and *Catiline,* showing how well Jonson's learning (and even pedantry) served his political vision.

The remaining chapters focus on Fletcher, Middleton, Webster and Chapman. Philip Edwards discusses the shaping elements of Fletcherian tragi-comedy with a view to explaining its immense vogue on the Jacobean stage and its present neglect. R. B. Parker shows that a split in Middleton's mind between exuberant satiric observation and concern to denounce immorality marred some of his strongest comedies with extraordinary incongruities and tensions. The complexity of response evoked by *The White Devil* and the brilliant economy of Webster's dramatic poetry in *The Duchess of Malfi* are illustrated by J. B. Mulryne in a closely-reasoned discussion of the two plays. Lastly Peter Ure in a review of Chapman's tragedies suggests that their peculiar interest springs from a conception of ideal heroic energy that looks forward to the Restoration theatre.

It will be seen that the work of this collection of essays lies not so much in their kaleidoscopic glimpses of the men and plays that made up the pattern of Jacobean drama, but in their emphasis on the relation of that drama to the society for which it was written and to the theatrical conditions under which it was performed. This faithfully reflects the trend of up-to-date scholarship and criticism, and is rightly accompanied by an informed attempt to reappraise whatever of enduring dramatic value the period has to offer. As a challenge and guide to further study the book makes exciting reading, and those who bring most knowledge to it will take most enlightenment away.

Marion Jones.

Mid-Century Drama, by Laurence Kitchen. (Faber, 30/-, 233 pages).

To present an analytical impression of the state of English theatre at the present time is a task for which Mr. Laurence Kitchin, an experienced dramatic critic of many years standing, would seem eminently suited. The subject, too, promises exciting reading, as the field of modern drama is wide, and its influences manifold and fascinating. It is a pity, therefore, that Mr. Kitchin's book should so signally fail to hold one's attention.

It is not that he arouses continual disagreement, for one seldom bothers to demur at his conclusions, but there seems no impulse behind the book. It takes one nowhere, and one finds oneself hovering distractedly over it, and finding nothing.

This is chiefly a fault in the writing, which continually gives way to diversions; these, though often more interesting than the argument itself, withold progress. Further, the text is too scattered with casual, unsupported pronouncements, usually of a dogmatic nature, which, should the ideas contained therein not have occurred already to the reader, he would like expanded. Not everyone has seen all of the productions to which Mr. Kitchin refers so freely, so to use many unexplained references to express a point leaves one less convinced than one solid analysis could. This multiplication of reference has a further result calculated to remove all subtlety from the discussion: to facilitate easy reference to development and influence Mr. Kitchin invents a series of generic names to indicate various schools of dramatic writing. Williams and his followers are neo-romantic, Osborne and his the 'Theatre in the raw' and so on. Though it is necessary to produce signposts for a

reader when exploring a large and complicated subject a critic should avoid becoming limited by his terms. This Mr. Kitchin does not do. When a dramatist like John Arden disappears with a reference to the neo-romantic this is not happy. The book, in fact, continually raises questions which it as continually begs. After some interesting analysis of the theatre in the raw Mr. Kitchin can say of such a play 'It raises the increasingly urgent working-class leisure problem', without descending to discuss whether the theatre is the place to raise it.

This brings me to the peculiar limitation of the book as an analysis of modern theatrical trends. Mr. Kitchin is so ensconced with theatre in the raw as the chief substance of modern drama in England that he fails to give any space to the growing inclination towards stylised poetic drama. He confines poetry in the drama to casual references to the 'fiasco' of Fry and Eliot, and leaves unnoticed the incursions of the lyric element into many raw and realistic plays, nor does he seem aware that verse and poetry are not synonymous. The basic fault of the book is that it takes for granted almost all points worth discussing.

There is one item, however, in which the book is of considerable value, for scattered through the analysis are several useful and workmanlike descriptions of various of the major productions and performances of our time; Olivier's *Coriolanus,* the Moscow Art Theatre's season, Peter Wood's *The Iceman Cometh*; a description cannot give the quality of the originals but the reading of them gives one more of the feeling of the approach of the mid-century to modern and classical drama than all the painful analysis. Further the last third of the book is devoted to a series of press interviews with prominent theatrical personalities. In these the mid-century theatre speaks for itself, and it is fascinating that it is so articulate.

Jocelyn Powell

Also received, too late for review in this issue, "A Subject of Scandal and Concern" by John Osborne. (Faber, 5/-).

L.A.M.D.A.

The London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art is to make a contribution to the problem of designing an adaptable stage and auditorium. A scheme has been worked out for the conversion of its two studios into a theatre in which plays can be presented on a proscenium stage, an open stage or in-the-round. The Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation has contributed £10,000 towards the cost of the conversion, the Pilgrim Trust £5,000 and the Elmgrant Trust £1,000.

It is hoped to include an article on this scheme and on L.A.M.D.A. in general in the next issue of *New Theatre Magazine.*

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